840.m.1
30
30
Horatius 7(2.)
K..

AN
ODE

TO THE

Earl of *CHESTERFIELD*,

IMPLORING HIS

MAJESTY's RETURN.

In IMITATION of

HORACE. ODE II. BOOK IV.

LONDON:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.
M.DCC.XXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ODE

TO THE

Earl of *CHESTERFIELD*.

I.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous Flight,
Where only POPE's ſtrong Pinion can aſpire?
Horace, great Source of true Poetic Light,
Wou'd melt my waxen Wings before his Fire.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari,
Jule, ceratis ope Dedaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

II.

As *Thames*' clear Stream thro' flowry Margins flows,
At firſt the humbler Treaſure of the Plain,
Till with each Spring the ſwelling Current grows,
And rolls his Pow'r and Commerce o'er the Main.

III.

So ſoft deſcending from the Muſes Hill,
Pope's ſpreading Genius paſſes every Bound;
Big with Experience, Knowledge, Taſte, and Skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all Poetic Ground.

IV.

Freſh Wreaths on every ſide await his Head,
Whether in (*a*) Fancy's Wilds he youthful ſtray,
In (*b*) Humour's frolick Round new Meaſures tread,
Or boldly follow (*c*) *Pindar*'s Pathleſs Way.

V. Religious

> Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
> Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,
> Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo
> Pindarus ore.
> Laurea donandus Apollinari,
> Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
> Verba devolvit, numeriſque fertur
> Lege ſolutis.

(*a*) Paſtorals, and Windſor Forreſt. (*b*) Rape of the Lock.
(*c*) Odes.

Seu

V.

Religious he maintains the Muſe's Truſt;
Pure in his Breaſt he guards the ſacred Fire;
To his progreſſive Genius ſtrictly juſt,
Its Uſe dilating as its Pow'rs aſpire.

VI.

Whether from antique Ruſt with pious Toil
He poliſh (*d*) *Britain's* ancient Poets Praiſe;
Or planting careful in his better Soil,
Preſerve more green the (*e*) *Greek* and *Roman* Bays.

VII.

Whether the nobler (*f*) Monument he frame,
To thoſe whom Virtues, Arts, or Arms adorn;
Or ſnatch from (*g*) Envy, or the Grave, Their Fame,
Whom Pride oppreſſes, or the Virtuous mourn.

VIII. Till

Seu Deos, Regeſque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem; per quos cecidere juſtâ
Morte centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ.
Sive, quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cæleſtes: pugilémve, equúmve
Dicit, & centum potiore ſignis
Munere donat.
Flebili ſponſæ juvenemve raptum
Plorat; & vires, animumq; moreſq;
Aureos educit in aſtra, nigroq;
Invidet orco.

(*d*) Chaucer and Donne. (*e*) Homer, Horace, Ovid.
(*f*) Epitaphs. (*g*) Epiſtles.

Multa

VIII.

Till (as of old, ſome Heav'n-inſtructed Bard)
To (*h*) Man he pleads in Truth and Wiſdom's Cauſe;
Chaſtiſes Vice, deals Virtue her Reward,
Supports the Pulpit, and ſupplies the Laws.

IX.

High on the ſwelling Gale of conſtant Praiſe,
We ſee this *Swan* of *Thames* ſublimely riſe,
Ev'n (*i*) Envy's Breath but ſerves his Flight to raiſe,
And lift his ſpotleſs Plumage to the Skies.

X.

While on the humble Banks, far, far below,
Unmark'd, my tuneleſs Reed I painful try,
Like the ſmall Bee, with Toil collecting ſlow
The faint Perfume which lowly Shrubs ſupply.

XI. To

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus——Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operoſa parvus
Carmina fingo.

(*h*) Eſſay on Man. (*i*) Dunciad.

Concines

XI.

To move our Abſent PRINCE (the Realm's deſire)
Then let HIS Skill compoſe th' attractive Song;
Or You, MY LORD, may boldly ſtrike the Lyre,
You, to whoſe Call the willing Muſes throng.

XII.

Perſuaſion decks your Words with ev'ry Art,
To lead the ſocial Band in ſportive Wit;
To guide the Judgment, and to warm the Heart,
While Senates held in rapt'rous Silence ſit.

XIII.

Or (tho' each Bard in Rev'rence mute ſhould wait)
A joyful People HIS Return ſhall greet,
The buſy Hall ſhall ceaſe from loud Debate,
Contending Parties bow at *GEORGE*'s Feet.

Concines majore poeta plectro
Cæſarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per ſacrum clivum, merita decorus
Fronde Sicambros.
Quo nihil majus meliuſve terris
Fata donavere, bonique divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priſcum.
Concines lætoſq; dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
Fortis Auguſti reditu, forumq;
Litibus orbum.

XIV.

Applauding Senates ſhall record his Fame,
And hail the Arbiter of *Europe* home;
Him haughty *Gallia*'s Dread they ſhall proclaim;
From him the *Turk* and *Tartar* wait their Doom.

XV.

Fate never gave a King ſo great before;
A King ſo good no Nation ſhall behold;
For Him the grateful Realm ſhall Heav'n adore,
For Him, whoſe Reign revives the Age of Gold.

XVI.

To peaceful Congreſs when his Arts have led
Europe's contending Lords, inur'd to War,
The ſacred Olive-Wreath ſhall grace his Head,
That Wreath, ſo often purchas'd by his Care.

XVII. My

Tum meæ, ſi quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars; &, O Sol
Pulcher, O laudande, canam, recepto
Cæſare felix.
Tuq; dum procedis, Jo triumphe,
No ſemel dicemus, Jo triumphe,
Civitas omnis; dabimuſq; Divis
Thura benignis.
Te decem tauri, totidemq; vaccæ;
Me tener ſolvet vitulus relicta
Matre, qui largis juveneſcit herbis
In mea vota.

Fronte

XVII.

My Voice unheard would join the gen'ral Praiſe,
  When well-plac'd Eloquence exhauſts the Theme;
When mitred Lords their Hands to Heav'n ſhall raiſe,
  And give God thanks with Piety extreme.

XVIII.

With Loyal Luxury to crowd the Board,
  Artiſts ſhall vie, th' eternal Feaſt ſucceed;
Woods, Lakes, and Seas their Plenty ſhall afford,
  And ſlaughter'd Hecatombs profuſely bleed.

XIX.

But far from Kings and Courts, my humbler Fate
  Bleſſes with Health and Peace my homely Fare,
Where my calm Wiſhes frame no Schemes of State,
  But ſtill for BRITAIN's Welfare form the Prayer.

> Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
> Tertium lunæ referentis ortum,
> Qua notam duxit, niveus videri
>   Cætera fulvus.

FINIS.